Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro. What shall I sweare by?
Iu. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

By one that ile procure to come to
Where and what time thou wilt pe
And all my fortunes at thy foote il
And follow thee my L. throughou
I come, anon: but if thou meanest
I do beseech thee (by and by I com
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodnigh
Ro. A thousand times the worse
Loue goes toward loue as schoolebo
But loue from loue, toward schoole

Enter Iuliet *again*

Iuli. Hist *Romeo* hist, ô for a falkn
To lure this Tassel gentle back aga
Bondage is hoarse, and may not spe
Else would I teare the Caue where
And make her ayrie tongue more ho
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon
How siluer sweete, sound louers ton
Like softest musicke to attending ea
Iu. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a cloeke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yea
I haue forgot why I did call thee bac
Ro. Let me stand here till thou re
Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still
Remembring how I loue thy compa
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue the
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almost morning, I would
And yet no farther then a wantons

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.7